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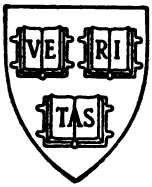

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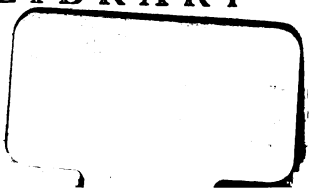

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HENRY FROWDE, M.A.

PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

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TRANSLATIONS INTO LATIN ELEGIAC VERSE

BY

S. G. OWEN AND J. S. PHILLIMORE

STUDENTS OF CHRIST CHURCH

OXFORD

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PREFACE

THIS little collection of translations into Latin verse has no ambitious aim. No illusion is cherished that a Roman might have mistaken these lines for Roman. The music of Tibullus and Propertius lies buried with them; the delicate harmonies of Ovid can be heard only as set to the wonder of the master's words. Pan is dead; the golden chords of Apollo's lute are broken. The Muses have passed from Helicon, now stripped of the sheltering greenery of woodland they loved so well. A modern voice speaks but faintly in the ancient language: it is but the voice of a Choerilus or a Cordus.

The object of this book is to direct attention to the art of verse-making, which is an indispensable part of scholarship.

A knowledge of the structure of their verse is necessary for the appreciation of the ancient poets, who for purity of form and sincerity of feeling are

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unsurpassed and unsurpassable. This knowledge is better attained by the English method of learning ancient prosody through writing it, than by the continental fashion of writing about it treatises such as that of Lucian Müller. Ability to write the poets' metres assists men to feel the faultless and exquisite taste of their workmanship. It would be daring to assert that no one who cannot write the ancient metres can enter into a full enjoyment of their beauties; but the paradox would convey some measure of truth. It is therefore to be regretted that the practice of verse composition has declined in England, and it is significant that a marked decline in English scholarship is coincident with this. Theorists and specialists we have many: scholars are a dwindling quantity.

A modern translation into a classical metre is useful as suggesting what forms of melody in our own exquisite language the ancient poets might have chosen. The scholar loves to fancy how those pagan voices might have sung in English modes. The Classics if so read are no longer dead; they remain a living part of the world's literature. In proportion as the true spirit of the ancients can be caught, and their intense humanity becomes a reality to us, we reap a rich harvest from their study. The real value

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of classical literature is its humanizing grace. The faultless style and majestic language, the strange imaginative power, the simplicity of thought and depth of passion, the stately rhythms and liquid harmonies of the classical writers possess a deathless stimulating force. The Classics are loved because they are beautiful; whatever brings beauty into our squalid modern life is an end in itself. It is for this reason that the Classics, and especially the poets, deserve to be, and always will be read. It is important to remember that their splendid literature is the great legacy that the Greeks and Romans have bequeathed to the world; however beautiful is their art and architecture, however fascinating their history, and however curious may be the countless objects they have provided for modern archaeological research, the greatest thing of all that they achieved, the sphere in which they are without a rival, is their sublime literature. In the present age scholars are sometimes too apt to overestimate the importance of minute details, and to forget that it is for the sake of classical literature that these details are to be studied, and not the literature for their sake.

The translations in this volume are confined to the Elegiac metre. They are mainly modelled upon Ovid,

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who brought that metre to its highest perfection, though Propertius, Tibullus, and Catullus have not been absent from our thoughts. The Elegiac metre appears to be in some ways the most perfect product of the Latin Muse. Though its structural rules are marvellously strict, its ease and buoyancy are extraordinary. It is capable alike of deep pathos, warm feeling, brilliant epigram, picturesque and vigorous narrative, and quaint directness. Its flexibility makes it better suited than any other metre for the translator's needs. We have endeavoured to use the metre with the strictness of the Augustan poets; silver rhythms have been avoided. If these translations incline any others to read again the Roman elegiac poets, our labour will not have been spent in vain.

In conclusion, we wish to express our thanks to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press for their courtesy in undertaking the publication of this specimen of what is too often regarded as an obsolescent, and even futile, art.

S. G. OWEN.

CHRIST CHURCH, *Feb.* 16, 1898.

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Camisards; to Mr. Bertram Dobell, publisher of James Thomson's *The City of Dreadful Night and other poems*; and to Mr. A. M. Holden, publisher of Mr. Murray's *Scarlet Gown*, from which the lines *After Wordsworth* are extracted.

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CONTENTS

		PAGE
Preface		vii
Note		xi
Upon his Spaniel Tracy	*Herrick*	2
Elegy written in a Country Churchyard	*Gray*	2
The Lost Leader	*Browning*	12
Essay on Man	*Pope*	14
O Sweet Delight	*Campion*	16
Gentlemen-Rankers	*Kipling*	18
The Country of the Camisards	*Stevenson*	18
Tria Fvgacia	*W. Herbert*	20
Sonnet XXXII	*Shakespeare*	20
Beauty Immortalized by Verse	*Spenser*	22
In Memoriam (LXIV)	*Tennyson*	24
Hymn of Apollo	*Shelley*	26
Qva Cvrsvm Ventvs	*Clough*	26
Jenny out vrom Hwome	*Barnes*	28
Dirge of the Munster Forest	*Emily Lawless*	30
Greece	*Byron*	32
Fallen Woman	*Goldsmith*	34

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		PAGE
PORPHYRIA'S LOVER	*Browning*	34
TO THE SKYLARK	*Shelley*	36
VAIN MEN WHOSE FOLLIES	*Campion*	38
PATIENCE		40
REQUIEM	*Stevenson*	40
CHILD'S SONG	*Moore*	42
WHEN THOU MUST HOME	*Campion*	42
EPISTLE TO GAY	*Pope*	44
EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE	*Macaulay*	46
SUNDAY AT HAMPSTEAD	*Thomson*	48
THE LARK NOW LEAVES HIS WATERY NEST	*Davenant*	52
A CROP OF KISSES		52
ON HUMAN KNOWLEDGE	*Davies*	56
ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STRUCK BLIND WITH LIGHTNING	*Goldsmith*	58
A BROKEN IDOL		58
IMITATED FROM WORDSWORTH	*Murray*	60
TWO STRINGS TO A BOW		60
A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN	*Tennyson*	62
LOVE STRONG AS DEATH	*Mackay*	64
ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER	*Keats*	66
TO HIS EVER-LOVING GOD	*Herrick*	66

INDEX OF FIRST LINES 69

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UPON HIS SPANIEL TRACY.

Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see,
for shape and service, spaniel like to thee.
this shall my love do, give thy sad death one
tear, that deserves of me a million.

R. HERRICK.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
the lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
the ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
and leaves the world to darkness and to me.

now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
and all the air a solemn stillness holds,
save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
and drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

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O FACTVM MALE, MYIA, QVOD PERISTI.

Tune iaces, quem non longo post tempore visi
ulla aequet catuli forma nec ulla fides?
unam morte tua lacrimam demittet amara
noster amor: merito milia multa darem.

S. G. O.

Morte misella iaces; iam par tibi nulla venusto
altera nascetur corpore, nulla fide.
hoc poterit pietas: lacrimam tibi funeris unam
inferias meritae milia multa dabo.

J. S. P.

MORS SOLA FATETVR QVANTVLA SINT HOMINVM CORPVSCVLA.

Increpuere tubae morientia lumina Phoebi,
mugitu lento deserit arva pecus.
ecce domum repetit tardo pede tardus arator;
cuncta manent nocti tradita, cuncta mihi.
pallida iam sensim rerum obscuratur imago,
iamque silet toto sancta sub axe quies;
erigitur nisi qua culicum fuga concita bombis,
tinnulus et distans sopit ovile sonus;

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save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
the moping owl does to the moon complain
of such, as wandering near her secret bower,
molest her ancient solitary reign.

beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

the breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
the swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
the cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
no more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

for them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
or busy housewife ply her evening care:
no children run to lisp their sire's return,
or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
how jocund did they drive their team afield!
how bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
the short and simple annals of the poor.

the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
and all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
await alike the inevitable hour.
the paths of glory lead but to the grave.

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perque hederas nisi qua ferali a culmine bubo
ad lunam questum fertque iteratque suum,
erravisse per haec secreta umbrosa protervos,
mutaque sacrilegos regna aperire pedes.
en prope nodosas ulmos taxique sub umbra,
marcida qua putri caespite turget humus,
compositi angustis, bona turba sine arte, sepulchris
pagani aeterna pace fruuntur avi.
his non Panchaei mane afflabuntur odores,
stramineave ales sub trabe Thressa canet:
non liquidus galli cantus sub luce ciebit,
elicientve humili cornua clara toro.
non focus accensis adoleverit ignibus umquam,
sedula nec serum traxerit uxor opus;
non blaesus patris ad reditus occurrerit infans,
non genua insistens oscula rapta feret.
saepe quidem messes horum sub falce crepabant:
saepe infringebant vomere segne solum.
quam laetus tauros urgebat in arva colonus!
vi valida quotiens proruit ille nemus!
i nunc, tolle animos et honesto illude labori:
sors parca agricolis gaudia parva dedit.
quamquam gente tumes, posito nunc accipe fastu
quae sint acta inopum pauca brevisque labor.
an prosunt fasces, longaeque per atria cerae?
divitiae pereunt, forma caduca perit.
omnibus exspectatur ineluctabilis hora:
gloria, te propter mortis adimus iter.

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nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
if Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
the pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

can storied urn or animated bust
back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

but Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
and froze the genial current of the soul.

full many a gem of purest ray serene,
the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
and waste its sweetness on the desert air.

some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
the little tyrant of his fields withstood;
some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

the applause of listening senates to command,
the threats of pain and ruin to despise,
to scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
and read their history in a nation's eyes,

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nec, qui te iactas, vitio nunc verte sepulchris
quod pius his tituli non tribuatur honor;
qua per vasta adyti laquearia perque columnas
laudantur numeris carminibusque dei.
num Parii lapides, num vivida possit imago
ad solitas animam nunc revocare domos?
nil taciti Manes plebis praeconia curant:
blanditias, o Mors, surda rigensque fugis.
avius hic forsan condat sinus ossa perempti,
igneus ingenii cui prius ardor erat:
is poterat fasces sellamque implere curulem,
vividaque is sacrae fila movere lyrae.
contigerat numquam doctas perdiscere chartas,
rerum quasque dies longa profundit opes:
namque animi vires ignava repressit egestas,
pectoris ardorem continuitque gelu.
scilicet inmensis pelagi caecisque cavernis
lumine candenti plurima gemma micat.
scilicet urbe procul natus flos saepe rubescit,
desertisque locis spirat inanis odor.
quis scit an Arpinas dominis hoc rure pusillis
acriter obstiterit contuderitque minas;
Vergiliusque aliquis sine laude et honore recumbat,
Sullaque non patriae sanguinis ille reus?
hi plausum attenti poterant captare senatus,
despicere et luctus exitiique metum;
aut patriam cornu laetam ditare benigno,
vel populi ex voltu facta probare sua.

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their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
and shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

the struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
to quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
with incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
their sober wishes never learned to stray;
along the cool sequestered vale of life
they kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

yet even these bones from insult to protect
some frail memorial still erected nigh,
with uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
the place of fame and elegy supply:
and many a holy text around she strews,
that teach the rustic moralist to die.

for who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
this pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

on some fond breast the parting soul relies,
some pious drops the closing eye requires;
even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

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dis aliter visum. neque sola coercita virtus,
criminibus raris area parva data est.
sceptrorum cupidi spissa non caede madebant,
non fessos venia destituere viros.
non cura his tegere ad verum nitentia verba,
non premere ingenui signa pudoris erat:
non luxus cumulare aras fastusque superbi
ture, quod Aonius foverat igne focus.
sed procul a turpi rabidae certamine turbae
quaerendi modici nominis ardor erat.
nescio qua positi gelidis sub vallibus Haemi
explebant vitae tempora muta suae.
at rite exiguis tituli stant cuique sepulchris,
qui famam servent ossaque lecta virum:
quippe rudes versus ac signa informia poscunt
ut lacrimae detur praetereuntis honor.
rustica musa annosque refert ac nomina signat:
hos elegos meruit gloria parva tamen;
carminibusque pii sacris didicere bubulci
qua sine fraude mala detur ad astra via.
numquis adhuc animo tam surda oblivia passus
heu dulcem vitae liquit amaritiem,
quin ubi deficerent prope templa calentia lucis
dilectos gemeret respiceretve locos?
fas caris umbra gremiis labente foveri:
fas lacrima spargi lumina lassa pia:
clamat et e tacitis hominem vox orta sepulchris,
et solitos ignes cana alit usque cinis.

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for thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
if chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
'oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
brushing with hasty steps the dews away
to meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

'there at the foot of yonder nodding beech
that wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
his listless length at noontide would he stretch,
and pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

'one morn I missed him on the customed hill,
along the heath and near his favourite tree;
another came; nor yet beside the rill,
nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'the next with dirges due in sad array
slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
a Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
and Melancholy marked him for her own.

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te qui mente vacas memori sine honore peremptis,
  et tenui cantu tenuia facta refers,
forsitan exstiterit secum qui singula lustrans
  te quoque respiciat fataque summa tui.
nempe senex aliquis sparsus per tempora canis
  'vidimus hunc' dicet 'saepe oriente die:
saepe citis pedibus rores verrebat oberrans,
  ibat et ad clivos ille videre diem.
et modo nutantis recubans sub tegmine fagi
  (radices miras altius arbor agit)
ille iacebat iners medio iam lumine solis,
  et rapidae scatebras aure legebat aquae:
adque nemus, ridens inter fastidia, mentis
  delicias caecis edidit ore sonis:
et modo pallebat qualis spe fractus inani
  aut demens curis utque repulsus amans.
mane erat: hunc frustra noto sub colle petebam,
  non saltus usquam non solita arbor habet;
non prope consuetum retegit lux postera rivum,
  non reducem caespes non nemora ipsa cient.
altera mox pompa tristi cantuque tubarum
  viderat efferri funera lenta dies.
perlege, namque potes; breve sustinet ista columna
  carmen, spinarum quam vetus umbra tegit.'

ELOGIVM.

Hic caput in terrae pectus demisit amicum,
  cui Fortuna parum Famaque nota, puer:
nascenti laribus parvis Sapientia risit:
  nascentem sibi habet tempus in omne Dolor.

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large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
  Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
he gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
  he gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

no farther seek his merits to disclose,
  or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(there they alike in trembling hope repose),
  the bosom of his Father and his God.

T. GRAY.

THE LOST LEADER.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
  just for a riband to stick in his coat—
found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
  lost all the others she lets us devote;
they, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
  so much was theirs who so little allowed:
how all our copper had gone for his service!
  rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!
we that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
  lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
  made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
  Burns, Shelley were with us—they watch from their graves!
he alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
  —he alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

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largus opum puros e pectore protulit aestus,
praemia reddebant pro quibus ampla dei:
nam lacrimam dederat miseris, ea sola potestas:
contigerat fidus, spes ea sola, comes.
parce sed ulterius pueri tu quaerere laudes,
parce ciere Orci non bene facta domo.
istic spe trepida sopita favilla quiescit,
et Patris in gremio dormiet usque dei.

S. G. O.

MVTATVS CVRIO.

Prodidit argenti vili stipe captus amicos,
prodidit ut clavo splendidus iret eques.
est quod larga tamen nobis Fortuna negavit:
muneribus nostris illud adeptus eget.
argentum tibi nunc auri metitur abundans,
magnarum dominus tam male largus opum:
aera quidem et pannos, potuit quae quisque, dabamus;
regali fastu purpura tanta foret!
quam te dilectum deduxit turba clientum,
quamque oculi notus dulce tuentis honos!
divina eloquii captavimus orsa, parati
auctorem vitae mortis habere ducem.
haec Mytilenaei senis, aequi haec secta Solonis;
hoc Naevi manes, tuque, Catulle, vides?
iam Martem primum iam libera signa recusat,
unus, tuta fugax, agmina serva petit.

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we shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence;
songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:
blot out his name then, record one lost soul more,
one task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
one more devils'-triumph and sorrow for angels,
one wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
there would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
never glad, confident morning again!
best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
menace our heart ere we master his own;
then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

R. BROWNING.

ESSAY ON MAN.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
man never is, but always to be blest.
the soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
rests and expatiates in a life to come.
lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
his soul proud science never taught to stray
far as the solar walk or Milky Way;

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auspice nos alio faustos Fortuna sequetur;
  accendent alia bellica plectra lyra;
fortia facta virum spernens, ignave, iacebis;
  otia tu laudas, cetera turba decus.
in numerum nomen caecum periisse fereris,
  pro! fatis impar, officioque minor;
quem dolet amissum Virtus, Iniuria gaudet,
  quem damnant homines, respuerisque deis.
nec rediturus abi: versae spes nulla diei;
  foedus triste redux ambiguumque feras:
laus invita sonet; ceu luce crepuscula prima,
  distat ab ingenuo sera calore fides.
nec quod noster eras pudeat certare feroces:
  imperium in sese te potiturus agat.
sera tamen veniat doctrina, tuisque receptis
  primus in Elysio conciliere foro.

J. S. P.

PIAE SECREVIT LITORA GENTI.

Spes aeterna igitur mortali in pectore surgit:
  spernuntur quae sunt, quae fuerintque placent.
nulla quies animis terreno in corpore clausis:
  libera post cineres gaudia, vera quies.
barbarus ecce Indus, rudis ac sine pectore, nubi
  fingit inesse vagis flaminibusque deum.
illum non audax docuit sapientia solis
  dispicere errores lacteaque astra poli:

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yet simple nature to his hope has given,
behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heaven;
some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
some happier island in the watery waste,
where slaves once more their native land behold,
no fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
to be, contents his natural desire,
he asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
but thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
his faithful dog shall bear him company.

A. POPE.

O SWEET DELIGHT.

O sweet delight, o more than human bliss,
with her to live that ever loving is;
to hear her speak, whose words are so well placed,
that she by them, as they in her are graced:
those looks to view, that feast the viewer's eye,
how blest is he that may so live and die!

such love as this the golden times did know,
when all did reap, yet none took care to sow;
such love as this an endless summer makes,
and all distaste from frail affection takes.
so loved, so blessed, in my beloved am I;
which till their eyes ache, let iron men envy!

T. CAMPION.

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nec minus ingenii spe simplice trans iuga montis
nubiferi Elysium vile sibi iste cupit.
tutior est illic silvis stipantibus orbis,
laetior undosis insula cincta vadis;
qua servi rursus patriamque laresque revisunt,
tortor abest, auri sacra repressa fames.
illic contentus tacite modo degere gestit;
dis nullas alas, fulmina nulla parat:
atque una comes admissus turbaeque deorum
iunctus adest fidus tempus in omne canis.

S. G. O.

O ME FELICEM.

O iucunda Venus! mortalia gaudia vinco
qui domina felix semper amante fruor:
seu loquitur quantos habet in sermone lepores,
commendat pulchros pulchrior ipsa sonos;
seu formam specto satiat spectantis ocellos:
sic vivam, tali sit mihi sorte mori!
aurea non alios aetas gustabat amores,
cum nullo subiit laeta serente seges;
hic amor aestatem praestat sine fine beatam,
nec solitos fastus gaudia certa ferunt.
deliciae tantae, tanta est in amore voluptas:
i nunc, rumpe oculos, ferrea turba, malos!

J. S. P.

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GENTLEMEN-RANKERS.

We have done with Hope and Honour, we are lost
to Love and Truth,
we are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,
and the measure of our torment is the measure of our
youth.
God help us, for we know the worst too young!
our shame is clean repentance for the crime that brought
the sentence,
our pride it is to know no spur of pride,
and the curse of Reuben holds us till an alien turf
enfolds us
and we die, and none can tell Them where we died.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE COUNTRY OF THE CAMISARDS.

We travelled in the print of olden wars,
yet all the land was green,
and love we found, and peace,
where fire and war had been.

They pass and smile, the children of the sword—
no more the sword they wield;
and o how deep the corn
along the battlefield!

R. L. STEVENSON.

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QVAE SCELERVM FACIES? QVIBVSVE VRGENTVR POENIS?

Nec pudor his nec spes: squalent sine amore fideque
  quales scalarum nox tenebraeque premunt.
mensura aerumnae par est iuvenilibus annis;
  mature veniam cognita culpa rogat.
pro! piget hos sceleris iam poenituisse peracti:
  gaudent quod nullum gloria calcar habet.
eiecti vivunt dum condat inhospita tellus;
  mors quoque cognatis nosse sepulchra negat.

S. G. O.

NVTRITAS SANGVINE FRVGES.

Terra viret, sequeris prisci vestigia belli;
  Marte perusta olim Pax Pietasque tenent.
ensiferis geniti tibi rident ense vacantes:
  qua steterant acies quam subit alta seges!

J. S. P.

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TRIA FVGACIA.

So glides along the wanton brook
with gentle pace into the main,
courting the banks with amorous look
he never means to see again.

and so does Fortune use to smile
upon the short-lived favourite's face,
whose swelling hopes she doth beguile
and always casts him in the race.

and so doth the fantastic Boy,
the god of the ill-managed flames,
who ne'er kept word in promised joy
to lover nor to loving dames.

So all alike will constant prove,
both Fortune, running streams and Love.

W. HERBERT.

SONNET XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
when that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
and shalt by fortune once more re-survey
these poor rude lines of thy deceasèd lover,

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ΑΛΛΑ ΓΑΡ ΑΛΛΟΘΕΝ ΑΜΕΙΒΕΤΑΙ.

Ecce fluit lympha rivus labente protervus,
  lenis et exiguas in mare fundit aquas:
at ripam interea blandis invitat ocellis,
  quam nulla rursus viderit ille die.
prospera sic voltu ridet Fortuna sereno,
  nec tamen illa diu, si quid amavit, amat.
sic quem spe tumida dea decipit, illius eheu
  quam cito curriculum saeva ruina premit!
sic puer ille levis, qui pervagus errat in orbe,
  quam male iactatas temperat usque faces!
ille nihil promissa, nihil periuria curat:
  illius obstruimur femina virque dolis.
nempe citi fontes et Amor Fortunaque semper
  constantes remanent in levitate sua.

S. G. O.

ET DICES 'EHEV, TV MIHI CERTVS ERAS.'

Quae mihi grata venit, si tu superaveris horam
  cum Mors ossa rapax pulvere nostra teget;
atque incompositum carmen tum forte revolves,
  arte rudi scripsit quod tibi vivus amans;

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compare them with the bettering of the time;
  and tho' they be outstript by every pen,
reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
  exceeded by the height of happier men.
o then vouchsafe me but this loving thought,
  'had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
a dearer birth than this his love had brought,
  to march in ranks of better equipage;
but since he died, and poets better prove,
theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

W. SHAKESPEARE.

BEAUTY IMMORTALIZED BY VERSE.

One day I wrote her name upon the strand;
  but came the waves and washèd it away:
again I wrote it with a second hand,
  but came the tide and made my pains his prey.
  vain man! said she, that dost in vain assay
a mortal thing so to immortalize;
  for I myself shall like to this decay,
and eke my name be wipèd out likewise.
not so, quoth I; let baser things devise
  to die in dust, but you shall live by fame:
my verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
  and in the heavens write your glorious name,—
where, whenas death shall all the world subdue,
our love shall live, and later life renew.

E. SPENSER.

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collatumque novi numeris melioribus aevi
me cuivis calamo cedere fassus eris;
at serva tamen, ut superet felicior aetas:
nec nitor at noster suadeat unus amor.
'si modo se nostri saeclo renovasset amici
Musa novo' sic tunc verba benigna refer:—
'tantus amor maiora mihi peperisset, ut iret
cultior in pompa splendidiore liber.
at quando ille quidem periit praestantque recentes,
hos ars ipsa, illum conciliabit amor.'

J. S. P.

TRAICIT ET FATI LITORA MAGNVS AMOR.

Vita, tuum in sicca scribebam nomen harena,
id tamen assurgens eluit unda maris.
signa iterum totidem sculpsi litusque notavi,
frustra, namque meum devorat aestus opus.
'nil agis' exclamas; 'tu rem servare caducam,
inprobe, nequiquam tempus in omne paras.
nil mortale manet; mortalis et ipsa peribo;
delebunt nomen fata diesque meum.'
'vana refers' inquam: 'mediocria pulvis habeto:
tu fama vives effugiesque rogos.
nam mea tam raras celebrabunt carmina dotes,
nominis et tanti testis Olympus erit.
illic, cum tandem mors vicerit omnia, noster
vivet amor, spatiis additus usque novis.'

S. G. O.

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IN MEMORIAM (LXIV).

Dost thou look back on what hath been,
  as some divinely gifted man,
  whose life in low estate began
and on a simple village green;

who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
  and grasps the skirts of happy chance,
  and breasts the blows of circumstance,
and grapples with his evil star;

who makes by force his merit known
  and lives to clutch the golden keys,
  to mould a mighty state's decrees,
and shape the whisper of the throne;

and moving up from high to higher,
  becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
  the pillar of a people's hope,
the centre of a world's desire;

yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
  when all his active powers are still,
  a distant dearness in the hill,
a secret sweetness in the stream,

the limit of his narrower fate,
  while yet beside its vocal springs
  he play'd at counsellors and kings,
with one that was his earliest mate;

who ploughs with pain his native lea
  and reaps the labour of his hands,
  or in the furrow musing stands;
'does my old friend remember me?'

LORD TENNYSON.

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Tune, velut populo quem mens divinior effert,
parva iuventutis respicis acta tuae?
illum res aluit tenuis modicique penates,
paganoque infans gramine repsit humi;
mox tamen angustae rupit vincla invida sortis,
festinaeque tenet pallia prensa deae:
mens infracta viri; fortis mala dura, sinistri
contempsisse minas sideris ausus, adit;
vi valida meritas laudes sibi vindicat audax;
haec digna auratae clavis honore fides:
fingit ad arbitrium Romae decreta potentis;
non alio voluit Caesar ab ore loqui.
cedunt prima novis, maiores surgit in actus;
denique Fortunae culmina summa tenet:
stat rerum columen, populi spes magna Quirini,
unde orbis studio pendet hiantis amor.
saepe tamen veluti per somnia tangit imago,
secura quotiens mente vacavit iners;
longinqua patrii subeunt dulcedine colles,
nescioquo notum flumen amore subit:
haec primae fuerant pomoeria tenuia sortis,
audierat fontes lene sonantis aquae,
dum puerum parvo regem iuvat esse senatu,
dilectumque caput primus amicus adest.
quid nunc ille sodalis agit? sua vertit aratro
arva gravi, segetes et metit ipse suas?
forsan et in sulco meditatur talia secum:
'anne memor veteris noster amicitiae?'

J. S. P.

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HYMN OF APOLLO.

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
  deceit, that loves the night and fears the day;
all men who do or even imagine ill
  fly me, and from the glory of my ray
good minds and open actions take new might,
until diminished by the reign of night.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows, and the flowers,
  with their aethereal colours; the Moon's globe
and the pure stars in their eternal bowers
  are cinctured with my power as with a robe;
whatever lamps on Earth or Heaven may shine
are portions of one power, which is mine.

I am the eye with which the Universe
  beholds itself and knows itself divine;
all harmony of instrument or verse,
  all prophecy, all medicine are mine,
all light of art or nature;—to my song
victory and praise in their own right belong.

P. B. SHELLEY.

QVA CVRSVM VENTVS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
  with canvas drooping, side by side,
two towers of sail at dawn of day
  are scarce long leagues apart descried;

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ΑΡΓΥΡΟΤΟΞΕ ΑΝΑΞ, ΕΚΑΤΗΒΟΛ' ΑΠΟΛΛΟΝ.

Tela mihi radii: iuvat his mala figere corda,
quaeque colit noctem fraus metuitque diem.
me fugiunt aestusque mei fulgentis honorem
si quibus haud expers dextra animusve mali.
auspice me bona mens et aperti gloria facti
crescit, at has Erebi vis tenebraeque fugant.
nubes certus alo variamque coloribus Irim,
aetheriumque addo floribus ipse decus;
lucidaque aeternis ego numine sidera templis
veste velut foveo noctivagumque globum.
sive quis in terris seu luxerit aethere lampas
numinis unius pars erit illa mei.
sumque oculus rerum, quo pervidet omnia mundus,
particulamque sibi sentit inesse dei.
novi idem numeros divinaque carmina, novi
cortinam; medica maximus arte color.
me manus artificis, simplex me gratia curat,
prosequiturque meum gloria lausque melos.

S. G. O.

FLEBILE DISCIDIVM.

Ceu cum flabra silent, stat vespere proxima navi
navis et immotis carbasa lenta fluunt;
luce nova vix haec, vix illa educta tumentes
cernitur in caelum trans freta longa sinus:

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when fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
and all the darkling hours they plied,
nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
by each was cleaving, side by side:

e'en so—but why the tale reveal
of those whom year by year unchanged,
brief absence joined anew to feel,
astounded, soul from soul estranged?

A. H. CLOUGH.

JENNY OUT VROM HWOME.

O wild-reävèn west winds; as you do roar on,
the elems do rock an' the poplars do ply,
an' weäve do dreve weäve in the dark water'd pon',—
oh! where do ye rise vrom, an' where do ye die?

o wild-reävèn winds I do wish I could vlee
wi' you, lik' a bird o' the clouds, up above
the ridge o' the hill an' the top o' the tree,
to where I do long vor, an vo'k I do love.

or else that in under theäse rock I could hear,
in the soft-zwellèn sounds you do leäve in your road,
zome words you mid bring me, vrom tongues that be dear,
vrom friends that do love me, all scatter'd abrode.

o wild-reävèn winds! if you ever do roar
by the house an' the elems vrom where I'm a-come,
breathe up at the window, or call at the door,
an' tell you've a-voun' me a thinkèn o' hwome.

W. BARNES.

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nox ruit in pontum, per caeca ferentibus auris
nocturnam cursus fallit utramque suus;
nec quisquam sibi non eadem putat aequora nautam
findere adhuc comitem nauta, ratemque rati.
haud aliter (sed quid pandis tam tristia?) si quos
vinxerat irruptum foedus amicitiae;
post breve discidium renovant commercia, at eheu
excidit attonitis unanima illa fides!

J. S. P.

VITA PROCVL PATRIA PERAGENDA.

O celeres venti, vestro sub flamine saevo
intremuere ulmi, populus alba tremit;
nigrantisque lacus undae pelluntur ab undis;
unde datur vobis ortus et unde quies?
o utinam fugerem rapidis comes additus austris,
utque avis ingrederer nubila celsa poli:
trans ego silvarum, trans summa cacumina montis
quae cupio peterem pignora quosque locos.
o si sub scopulis nostras ferrentur ad aures
mollia ventorum murmura iacta fuga!
sic dulces linguas comitumque vocabula nota
acciperem, sparsos quos via longa tenet.
o venti, flatu vestro si forte paternas
circa ulmos strepitis concutitisque larem;
spirate ante fores, patriis narrate fenestris
me quoque dilectos iam meminisse locos.

S. G. O.

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DIRGE OF THE MUNSTER FOREST.

(Desmond War. 1579.)

Bring out the hemlock, bring the funeral yew!
  the faithful ivy that doth all enfold;
heap high the rocks, the patient brown earth strew!
  and cover them against the numbing cold.
marshal my retinue of bird and beast,
  wren, titmouse, robin, birds of every hue,
let none keep back, even to the very least,
  nor fox, nor deer, nor tiny nibbling crew,
only bid one of all my forest clan
  keep far from us on this our funeral day.
on the gray wolf I lay my sovereign ban,
  the great gray wolf, who scrapes the earth away;
lest, with hook'd claw, and furious hunger, he
  lay bare my dead for gloating foes to see;
lay bare my dead, who died, and died for me.

for I must shortly die as they have died,
  and lo! my doom stands yoked and linked with theirs,
the axe is sharpened to cut down my pride,
  I pass, I die, and leave no natural heirs.
soon shall my russet coronals be cast,
  my hidden sanctuaries, my secret ways,
naked shall stand to the rebellious blast,
  no Spring shall quicken, what now Autumn slays.
therefore, while still I keep my russet crown,
  I summon all my lieges to the feast.
hither ye flutterers! black, or pied, or brown,
  hither ye furred ones! hither every beast!

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ARBORIBVS SVVS HORROR INEST.

Ferte nigras taxi frondes, proferte cicutas,
nec desint hederae germina lenta piae!
saxi mole solum patiens cumulate laborum,
urere ne possit corpora tecta gelu.
rite ferae veniant, veniant mea turba volucres;
omne veni pluma versicolore genus!
capreolum et volpem nitedula parva sequatur,
nec minimi nostrae plebis abesse velint.
est tamen e cunctis umbrae silvestris alumnis
quem non exsequias has simul ire sino:
ravum nempe lupum procul hinc regina relego,
(effodisse solum callidus arte lupus)
ne, tam dira fames, ungues obscenus aduncos
exserat, occultos proiciatque meos;
neve nefas! pateant hosti ludibria saevo,
qui pro me fortes occubuere neci.
nam comes ipsa brevi peritura iacentibus addar,
sorsque mea ex aequo ducitur ecce iugo:
iam gravis in nostrum stat stricta securis honorem;
emoriar nulla prole superstes ego.
ergo fulva comis defluxerit illa corona,
et dabor indomitis intemerata Notis;
templa movent, nudant flatus arcana viarum:
damna hiemis nullo vere repensa fero.
at iubeo crebros convivia adire clientes,
dum rubet in nostris sera corona comis:
huc genus o volucrum varios miscete colores,
neve epulas fugiat turba ferina meas!

†

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only to one of all my forest clan
I cry 'avaunt! our mourning revels flee!'
on the gray wolf I lay my sovereign ban,
the great gray wolf with scraping claws, lest he
lay bare my dead for gloating foes to see,
lay bare my dead, who died, and died for me.

EMILY LAWLESS.

GREECE.

They fell devoted, but undying;
the very gale their names seem'd sighing:
the waters murmur'd of their name;
the woods were peopled with their fame;
the silent pillar, lone and grey,
claim'd kindred with their sacred clay;
their spirits wrapp'd the dusky mountain,
their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;
the meanest rill, the mightiest river
roll'd mingling with their fame for ever.
despite of every yoke she bears,
that land is glory's still and theirs!
'tis still a watchword to the earth:
when man would do a deed of worth
he points to Greece, and turns to tread,
so sanction'd, on the tyrant's head:
he looks to her, and rushes on
where life is lost, or freedom won.

LORD BYRON.

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de grege silvestri nobis tamen unus abesto,
  sacra frequentamus, parce, profane, sacris;
parce, profane, sacris; lupe, te regina relego,
  ne tu, sacrilego pestis adunca pede,
exponas cineres hosti ludibria saevo,
  qui pro me fortes occubuere neci.

J. S. P.

ΕΥΚΛΕΗΣ ΜΕΝ Α ΤΥΧΑ, ΚΑΛΟΣ Δ' Ο ΠΟΤΜΟΣ.

Devoti occiderunt, decus indelebile nacti;
  ipse Notus spirat nomina cara virum;
ipse virum repetit pia nomina murmure pontus;
  non nemora illorum laudibus alta carent.
ista columna silens, longis quae canet ab annis,
  te sibi cognatam, sacra favilla, probat.
horum animae furvis sacratae in montibus errant;
  horum in lucenti fonte perennat amor.
his rivi tenues, his flumina magna superbae
  participes famae tempus in omne fluent.
hostili subiecta iugo tu, terra, perenni
  laude tamen splendes progenieque tua.
illi etiam, si cui meritae mens aemula laudis,
  augurium praebes, Graecia, dasque facem;
ille tuo saevis exemplo saepe tyrannis
  sanguineum iusto decutit ense caput;
nec dedignatur dare, vita sponte relicta,
  libertate suis civibus ille frui.

S. G. O.

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FALLEN WOMAN.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
and finds, too late, that men betray,
what charm can soothe her melancholy?
what art can wash her guilt away?

the only art her guilt to cover,
to hide her shame from every eye,
to give repentance to her lover
and wring his bosom, is—to die.

O. GOLDSMITH.

PORPHYRIA'S LOVER.

The rain set early in to-night,
the sullen wind was soon awake,
it tore the elm-tops down for spite,
and did its best to vex the lake:
I listened with heart fit to break:
when glided in Porphyria; straight
she shut the cold out and the storm,
and kneeled and made the cheerless grate
blaze up and all the cottage warm;
which done, she rose, and from her form
withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,
and laid her soiled gloves by, untied
her hat and let the damp hair fall,
and, last, she sat down by my side
and called me. when no voice replied,

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ΚΑΤΘΑΝΕΙΝ ΕΔΟΞΕ ΜΟΙ ΚΡΑΤΙΣΤΟΝ.

Cum formosa aliquid non dedignatur inepti,
  serius ac sentit fallere laesa viros,
num poterunt curam cantamina dira levare,
  ars culpae turpem dilueritve notam?
ars haec sola eheu! laesum celare pudorem
  crimen et in caeca condere nocte valet;
solaque periuri spinosos corde dolores
  spargit amatorem discruciatque—mori.

S. G. O.

TECVM VIVERE AMEM, TECVM OBEAM LIBENS.

Vixdum vesper erat, iamque horridus ingruit imber;
  caeca furens latebris excitus Eurus adest:
inprobus et summis frondem nunc decutit ulmis,
  nunc turbat placidos inprobus ille lacus.
tristis eram; tristes piget exaudire procellas:
  Porphyria ingreditur, nec sonus, ecce domum.
exclusit subito frigus ventosque frementes,
  nixa genu gelidos tum fovet ipsa focos:
laetum flamma micat, gratus calor occupat aedes.
  dein stetit et palla membra madente levat;
iamque manus nudat (pluvia squalebat aluta)
  mox erat imbre graves solvere cura comas.
postremumque latus lateri coniuncta resedit,
  meque vocat: nec vox ulla relata mea est.

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she put my arm about her waist,
and made her smooth white shoulder bare,
and all her yellow hair displaced,
and stooping made my cheek lie there,
and spread, o'er all, her yellow hair,
murmuring how she loved me—she,
too weak, for all her heart's endeavour,
to set its struggling passion free
from pride, and vainer ties dissever,
and give herself to me forever.
but passion sometimes would prevail,
nor could to-night's gay feast restrain
a sudden thought of one so pale
for love of her, and all in vain:
so, she was come through wind and rain.

R. BROWNING.

TO THE SKYLARK.

Sound of vernal showers
on the twinkling grass,
rain-awakened flowers,
all that ever was
joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

teach us, sprite or bird,
what sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
praise of love or wine
that panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

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inde sibi nostras mediae circumdedit ulnas;
  flaventes collo reicit et usque comas:
quam castigato est umerus candore retectus!
  ponimus huc nostras (adplicat illa) genas.
sub flavoque ambo per mutua crine latemus
  dum spirat flammae murmura fracta suae:
'quamvis' inquit, 'amem (nec ficta ego causor), amanti
  quanta obstant fastus vincula, quanta metus!
vana timemus? Amor tamen et formidine vana
  opprimitur, quae me non sinit esse tuam.
nec tamen usque iacet deus: en, divellere festae
  a te Porphyriam non valuere dapes:
visa tua ante oculos frustra pallentis imago,
  iamque adsum; pluviam flabraque vicit amor!'

J. S. P.

ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΟΠΩΣ ΑΕΙΔΕΙΣ.

Suave coruscanti vernus sonat imber in herba,
  suave olet a pluviis flos recreatus aquis:
quidquid erat laetum liquidumve recensve per orbem,
  iucundo superas carmine cuncta tuo.
quin nos, seu volucris seu diva libentius audis,
  tecum dulciloqui quid meditere doces?
nemo ita divino celebravit flumine cantus
  aut Bacchi laudes aut, Cytherea, tuas.

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what objects are the fountains
of thy happy strain?
what fields, or waves, or mountains?
what shapes of sky or plain?
what love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

P. B. SHELLEY.

VAIN MEN WHOSE FOLLIES.

Vaine men whose follies make a God of Love,
whose blindnesse beauty doth immortall deeme;
prayse not what you desire, but what you prove,
count those things good that are, not those that seeme:
I cannot call her true that's false to me,
nor make of women more than women be.

how fair an entrance breakes the way to love!
how rich in golden hope and gay delight!
what hart cannot a modest beauty move?
who, seeing cleare day once, will dream of night?
she seemed a Saint that brake her faith with mee,
but proved a woman as all other be.

so bitter is their sweet, that true content
unhappy men in them may never finde:
ah, but without them none. both must consent,
else uncouth are the joyes of either kinde.
let us then prayse their good, forget their ill!
men must be men, and women women still.

T. CAMPION.

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dic mihi qua numeros genialis origine promas:
quae iuga, quos fluctus, quosve revisis agros?
quae caeli aut campi facies tibi carmina praestat?
nescius aut luctus quis socialis amor?

S. G. O.

O NVLLIS TVTVM CREDERE BLANDITIIS!

Stulte, deum levitate tua tibi fingis Amorem;
caece, bona haec formae non peritura putas?
ne tu quae placeant, lauda quae certa tenebis;
res ipsas, rerum ne simulacra proba.
quae mihi falsa fuit, quo nunc dicta ore fidelis
plus quam feminea femina laude sonet?
quam florens aditus pronos immittit amori,
spes ubi deliciis aurea pandit opes!
forma decens morum quae non praecordia tangit?
quis tenebras claro credit adesse die?
visa dea est, cuius periuria flemus; et ipsa
femina (nequitia est omnibus una) fuit.
dulcibus acre subest, ne cui sperentur ab illis
gaudia secura percipienda fide;
nec tamen ulla sine his: nisi consociemur in unum
scilicet infelix haeret utrisque venus.
commoda dum laudas vitia excusabis amicae:
certa puellarum lex data, certa virum.

J. S. P.

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PATIENCE.

Put forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane,
  east wind and frost are safely gone;
with Zephyr mild and balmy rain
  the summer comes serenely on;
earth, air and sun and skies combine
  to promise all that's kind and fair:—
but thou, o human heart of mine,
  be still, contain thyself and bear.

December days were brief and chill,
  the winds of March were wild and drear,
and nearer and receding still,
  spring never would, we thought, be here;
the leaves that burst, the suns that shine,
  had, not the less, their certain date:—
but thou, o human heart of mine,
  be still, refrain thyself and wait.

REQVIEM.

Under the wide and starry sky,
dig the grave and let me lie,
glad did I live and gladly die,
  and I laid me down with a will.

this be the verse you grave for me:
'here he lies where he longed to be;
home is the sailor home from sea,
  and the hunter home from the hill.'

R. L. STEVENSON.

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OBSTINATA MENTE PERFER, OBDVRA.

Iam, platane alta, tuas frondes, tua germina, profer;
  Eurus abit tandem praeteriitque gelu:
iam Zephyri tepuere, ruit iam mollior imber,
  tranquilloque aestas iam pede blanda venit.
spondent terra virens, caelum, sol, aetheris aurae
  blanditias larga pulchraque dona manu.
at, mea mens, ut te luctu mortalia tangant,
  perfer et obdura, tu quoque, lingua, sile.
a! breviorque dies et frigora longa Decembri!
  Martius inmitis flamine mensis erat!
et quamvis propior veniens tamen usque recedens
  verne videbaris non rediture calor.
sed tamen, o tumidi flores, haud nescio, sed tu,
  lucide sol, certo temporis orbe redis:
tuque adeo, pectus nostrum, tu, luctibus aegrum,
  perferre obdura, linguaque nostra, sile.

S. G. O.

ILLA SEPVLTVRAE FATA BEATA TVAE.

Innumero vastum pateat qua sidere caelum,
  tu requieturo finge sepulcra mihi.
vixi hilaris, fatumque hilari nunc mente propinquo
  hoc mortale: volens occubuisse ferar.
'qua desiderium poni, iacet ille repostus;
  (versibus his signa tu monumenta mihi)
sic o sic longo patriam redit aequore nauta,
  venatorque domum montis ab arce redit.'

J. S. P.

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CHILD'S SONG.

I have a garden of my own
shining with flowers of every hue;
I loved it dearly while alone,
but I shall love it more with you;
and there the golden bees shall come
in summer-time at break of morn,
and wake us with their busy hum
around the Siha's fragrant thorn.

I have a fawn from Aden's land,
on leafy buds and berries nurst;
and you shall feed him from your hand,
though he may start with fear at first.
and I will lead you where he lies
for shelter in the noon-tide heat:
and you may touch his sleeping eyes,
and feel his little silvery feet.

T. MOORE.

WHEN THOU MUST HOME.

When thou must home to shades of underground,
and there arrived, a newe admired guest,
the beauteous spirits do ingirt thee round,
white Iope, blithe Hellen, and the rest,
to hear the stories of thy finisht love,
from that smooth toong whose musicke hell can move;

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HORTVS ODORATIS CVLTISSIMVS HERBIS.

Est mihi iure meo proprius, bene consitus, hortus;
floribus et cultu versicolore nitet.
illius, ut solus spatior, dulcedine tangor;
tecum lustranti gaudia plura dabit.
huc apium auratae venient aestate catervae,
sol ubi mane novo promet ab axe iubar;
nobisque excutient somnos instante susurro,
fragrantis spini dum celebratur odor.
est quoque capreolus rubra quaesitus ab ora,
cui tumidae frondes bacaque multa cibus.
protinus ipse tua praestabis pabula dextra,
ut paveat primo destituatque metu.
ipse egomet ducam medio qua saepe recumbit
ille die ac tutus sole calente latet.
sopitos oculos moxattrectare licebit,
atque argenteolos tangere rite pedes.

S. G. O.

SIC MORTIS LACRIMIS VITAE SANAMVS AMORES.

Debita Persephonae, infernos ubi, Cynthia, manes
adventu capies hospita forma novo;
et circumstabunt pulcherrima turba puellae,
cum iucunda Iope candida Tyndaride;
at tu praeteriti casus narrabis amoris
illa qua modulans Tartara voce moves:

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then wilt thou speake of banqueting delights,
of masks and revels which sweete youth did make,
of turnies and great challenges of knightes,
and all these triumphes for thy beauty's sake:
when thou hast told these honours done to thee,
then tell, o tell, how thou didst murther me.

T. CAMPION.

EPISTLE TO GAY.

Ah, friend! 'tis true (this truth you lovers know)
in vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;
in vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
of hanging mountains and of sloping greens;
joy lives not here—to happier seats it flies,
and only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.
what are the gay parterre, the chequered shade,
the noon-tide bower, the evening colonnade,
but soft recesses of uneasy minds
to sigh unheard in to the passing winds?
so the struck deer in some sequestered part
lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;
he stretched unseen in coverts hid from day
bleeds drop by drop and pants his life away.

A. POPE.

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delicias Bacchi referes, convivia lauta,
luserit ut lepido festa iuventa ioco,
bella tibi pueros Troiamque egisse venustos;
et dices 'tanti candida forma fui':
has ubi tu laudes, hosque enumeraris honores,
dic, o dic, mortis causa fuisse meae.

J. S. P.

MEQVE REDVCO A CONTEMPLATV SVMMOVEOQVE MALI.

Nequiquam, verum est, neque vos nescitis amantes,
proveniunt horti, surgit ad astra domus:
pendentis iuga montis et haec devexa vireta
nequiquam Thybris duplicat almus aquis.
non hic laetitia est: sedes ea grata revisit
quas oculis lustrat cara Neaera suis.
horti quid nitidi, quid picta umbracula prosunt,
sole nemus, sero porticus alta die,
mens nisi uti possit ventis narrare dolores
tristis in his latebris et sine teste queri?
haud alias latebras fixo iam pectore telis
cerva mori cupiens et loca sola petit;
illa a sole procul iacet effunditque cruorem
debilis ac vitam ponit anhela suam.

S. G. O.

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EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE.

To my true king I offered free from stain
courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.
for him, I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
and one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
for him I languished in a foreign clime,
grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
and pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
each morning started from the dream to weep;
till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
the resting-place I asked, an early grave.
oh thou whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
from that proud country which was once mine own,
by those white cliffs I never more must see,
by that dear language which I spake like thee,
forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
o'er English dust. a broken heart lies here.

LORD MACAULAY.

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EXILIOQVE DOMOS ET DVLCIA LIMINA MVTANT.

Virtutemque duci puram sine labe fidemque
praestitimus: virtus vana fidesque fuit:
pro duce munera, opes, patrios amisimus agros,
spem quoque quae fuerat carior una mihi;
ipsi sole graves alieno traximus annos;
cana notat iuvenis tempora nostra dolor.
Tiburtes revocat mihi silva Aetnaea susurros,
te, patrii cupidus fluminis, Aci, bibo.
aegra lares patrios noctu per somnia cerno,
somnia lucifero discutiente fleo.
iam Pater oppressum curis miseratus iniquis
dat grato fessis munere, morte frui.
tu quicumque vides tumulum sine nomine nostrum,
siquis ab Vrbe venis, quae mihi mater erat;
per mihi quae fuerant carae commercia linguae,
perque alba illa oculis saxa negata meis,
Romanum cinerem (pugnas dedisce priores)
Romanus plora, duraque fata viri.

J. S. P.

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SUNDAY AT HAMPSTEAD.

This is the Heath of Hampstead,
there is the dome of Saint Paul's;
beneath, on the serried house-tops,
a chequered lustre falls:

and the mighty city of London,
under the clouds and the light,
seems a low wet beach, half shingle,
with a few sharp rocks upright.

here will we sit, my darling,
and dream an hour away:
the donkeys are hurried and worried,
but we are not donkeys to-day:

though all the weary week, dear,
we toil in the murk down there,
tied to a desk and a counter,
a patient stupid pair!

but on Sunday we slip our tether,
and away from the smoke and the smirch;
too grateful to God for His Sabbath
to shut its hours in a church.

away to the green, green country,
under the open sky;
where the earth's sweet breath is incense
and the lark sings psalms on high.

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PETAMVS ARVA.

En clivus; templa ante pedes Iovis aurea surgunt;
pictaque nunc vario lumine tecta micant.
erigitur vastae sub nubibus urbis imago,
udo ceu scopuli litore saepe rigent.
hic resides, mea lux, horam fallamus inertem:
exercet mulos, nos levat ecce labor.
nos opera obscurae quotiens trivere Suburae
par stultum inmensas inter ephemeridas!
invitat iam festa dies curasque resolvit:
ipse deus caeca se vetat aede coli.
largior hic aether; viridantia rura petamus;
halat odore solum, dulce precantur aves.

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on Sunday we're Lord and Lady,
with ten times the love and glee
of those pale and languid rich ones
who are always and never free.

they drawl and stare and simper,
so fine and cold and staid,
like exquisite waxwork figures
that must be kept in the shade:

we can laugh out loud when merry,
we can romp at kiss-in-the-ring,
we can take our beer at a public,
we can loll on the grass and sing . . . .

would you grieve very much, my darling,
if all yon low wet shore
were drowned by a mighty flood-tide,
and we never toiled there more?

wicked?—there is no sin, dear,
in an idle dreamer's head;
he turns the world topsy-turvy
to prove that his soul's not dead.

I am sinking, sinking, sinking;
it is hard to sit upright!
your lap is the softest pillow!
good-night, my Love, good-night!

J. THOMSON

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iam nos festa vocant, procerum nec laetior ullus,
quos mala libertas, corpora serva, gravat.
balba illis lingua atque oculorum paeta venustas,
cereaque ora ipso frigidiora gelu.
carmina nos risusque iuvant hilaresque choreae,
munera nos Bacchi gramineusque torus.
num gemeres, mea lux, si stagna ac strata voraret
unda maris, noster desineretque labor?
ne mihi tantum obsit, quod inania somnia fingam:
rerum clade animi pascitur ipse vigor.
ei mihi, languet iners corpus, labuntur ocelli;
nox vocat in gremio sidere, vita, tuo.

S. G. O.

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THE LARK NOW LEAVES HIS WATERY NEST.

The lark now leaves his watery nest,
  and climbing shakes his dewy wings,
he takes this window for the East,
  and to implore your eyes he sings,
awake, awake, the Morn will never rise
till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

the merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
  the ploughman from the sun his season takes;
but still the lover wonders what they are
  who look for day before his mistress wakes.
awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn!
then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

A CROP OF KISSES.

From her side I go a-singin' in the mornin' cool an' grey,
when the dew shines in the furrow, an' the hills climb into day;
an' I kiss her at the partin' (she's the sweetest thing in life)
like I use' to kiss my sweetheart, 'fore my sweetheart was my wife.

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OMNIA TV NOSTRAE TEMPORA LAETITIAE.

Aspice, iam nidis umentibus exit alauda;
surgentis rores excutit ala leves:
en petit illa tuas ut templa eoa fenestras,
istaque deposcens lumina, vita, canit:
experrecta fave! cessat Tithonia dum se
iudice te cultam compositamque probet.
sidera, nautarum numen, mercator adorat;
annos e vicibus solis arator agit;
ecqua hominum gens ausa (nefas miramur amantes)
quaerere, cum nondum est orta puella, diem?
discute Coa toro, nitida expergiscere somno,
detecta clarum fronte datura diem!

J. S. P.

QVAERIS QVOT MIHI BASIATIONES.

Egredior cantu, canent dum mane pruinae:
rore micant sulci, montem aperitque dies.
savia surripui tibi, lux dulcissima rerum;
uxori ante faces talia nempe dabam.

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it's a kind o' 'good-bye' kissin' (tho' it's kissin' mighty soon)
an' I say 'I'll make it last me till the shadders point to noon.'
an' the keen larks sing: 'he kissed her!' and the winds sing: 'so did we!'
when some wild rose comes a-climbin' an' jes' steals her kiss from me.

then the plough stands in the furrow, an' my dreamin' eyes I shield
as I look where last I left her, as I sing across the field;
'here's the winds a-laughin' at me; here's the larks a-singin' this;
"he's kissed her, kissed her, kissed her—but the rose has stole the kiss!"'

then, with all the birds a-singin' an' a-twittin' me so sweet,
I lose sight o' all the grasses roun' the corn blades at my feet,
an' my horse looks roun' a wonderin', till he almost seems to say:
'will you make a crop o' kisses, or another crop o' hay?'

an' I don't know how to answer, for I'm thinkin' an' I seem
like a feller jes' a-wakin' from the middle of a dream;
an' the horse is out o' harness, with his mane a-flowin' free,
an' the rose that stole her kisses—well, she kisses it an' me!

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iamque 'vale' tempestivum per basia iuro,
in medium durent basia laeta diem.
testis alauda refert, captant quoque basia venti;
at sibi saviolum vindicat ecce rosa.
cessat humi vomer; dubitantia lumina velo,
teque oculi spectant, vita, per arva mei.
'me venti risere, et alaudae fabula fio:
basia surripuit mi rosa priva' queror.
mox hilari lacerat me carmine turba volucrum,
spicaque et herba meos conditur ante pedes:
respiciens placidis me bos miratur ocellis,
oscula ferre procax nunc segetesne parem.
verborum vice destituor, velut excita somno
prospiciens vastum Cressa puella mare.
dempta bovi iuga, languet iners; patiturque puellae
iam rosa iam mecum basia cara meae.

S. G. O.

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ON HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

The wits that dived most deep, and soared most high,
seeking Man's powers, have found his weakness such:
'*skill comes so slow and life so fast doth fly,*
we learn so little and forget so much.'

for this the wisest of all moral men
said '*he knew naught, but that he naught did know;*'
and the great mocking Master mocked not then,
when he said '*Truth was buried deep below.*'

for how may we to others' things attain,
when none of us his own soul understands?
for which the Devil mocks our curious brain,
when '*know thy self*' his oracle commands.

for why should we the busy Soul believe,
when boldly she concludes of that and this;
when of herself she can no judgement give,
nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is?

all things without, which round about we see,
we seek to know, and how therewith to do;
but that whereby we reason, live and be,
within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

we seek to know the moving of each sphere,
and the strange cause of the ebbs and floods of Nile;
but of that clock which in our breasts we bear,
the subtil motions we forget the while.

we that acquaint ourselves with every Zone,
and pass both Tropics and behold the Poles,
when we come home are to ourselves unknown,
and unacquainted still with our own Souls.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

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Η ΤΙ ΜΕΤΑ ΖΩΙΟΙΣΙΝ ΕΩΝ ΠΕΡΙ ΤΩΝΔΕ ΜΑΤΕΥΕΙΣ;

Ima, suprema diu lustrans Sapientia qui sis
  quaerit et '*heu*' tandem '*nullus es,*' inquit '*homo;*
ars tibi tarda venit, rapido pede praeterit aetas:
  discimus inviti, dedidicisse leve est.'
qui cunctos sapiens superavit recta docentes,
  nosse negat quicquam se nisi nosse nihil;
seria qui ludit Graius, non illa iocatur:
  '*vera sub ingenti mole sepulta latent.*'
quo tu iure igitur tractare aliena parabis,
  qui nescis mentem dispicere ipse tuam?
te numen, quocumque calent oracula, ridet,
  Pythia noscendum quod sibi quemque canit.
ecqua fides animae statuenti plurima nobis?
  quaene legit gnava sedulitate, probem?
ipsius ignara est qua sit ratione creata;
  quin scire ipsa ubi sit, quaeque, vel unde, negat.
quot circumspicimus, quaeramne ego nomina rerum,
  quaque ad me faciant condicione rogem;
cum, quo vita mihi quo mens naturaque constat,
  quid sit id interius nescius esse velim?
scrutamur cupidi stellas caelique meatus;
  flumina qua tollas, qua vice, Nile, premas:
machina mens hominis, quam quisque in pectore gestans,
  immemor arcanae neglegit artis opus.
tu quem zona avidum terrarum nulla fefellit,
  qui Seras visis, visis Hyperboreos;
ad te, stulte, redi; num te cognoveris ipsum?
  quae tibi cura tuae mentis inausa manet!

J. S. P.

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ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STRUCK BLIND WITH LIGHTNING.

Sure 'twas by Providence design'd,
  rather in pity than in hate,
that he should be, like Cupid, blind,
  to save him from Narcissus' fate.

O. GOLDSMITH.

A BROKEN IDOL.

The Sibyl wrote her songs on leaves,
  and left them for the winds to ravish:
so whosoe'er in spirit grieves
  should on the air his poor thoughts lavish.

poor thoughts of mine, whose heart is set
  in icicles' cold crust forever;
my dreary pain cannot forget
  its ache for one who comes back never.

blue eyes, gold-haired imperial head,
  proud scornful lips as red as cherries,
heart stony as the lips were red,
  tongue deadly as most poisonous berries:—

such was my love: o cruel love
  to win and mock and then desert me!
dead to all pity thou didst prove,
  devil not angel thus to hurt me.

I write my thoughts on leaves or air,
  I write and fain would not remember
the joys I felt when Love was fair
  in June, now frosted in December.

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ΘΕΩΝ ΔΩΡΑ.

Proposito nimirum ita di voluere benigno:
exemplum saevae nec feritatis habes.
lumine captus erat (mihi crede) Cupidinis instar
Narcissi pareret ne sibi fata puer.

S. G. O.

PLVS AEQVO FLAVI PLACVERE CAPILLI.

Carmina mandabat foliis Cumaea Sibylla,
permisitque eadem diripienda Notis.
a! quicumque doles meditataque carmina curas,
ferre levi vento tristia verba dabis.
triste cano tristis; torpet mens aegra dolore,
frigore ut increto cana pruina riget.
heu! frustra quaero miserarum oblivia rerum,
cum meus haud umquam sit rediturus amor.
caeruleis placet ille oculis flavoque capillo,
utque rubent cerasi labra superba rubent.
idem crudelis silices sub pectore versat,
illius in lingua dira venena latent.
sic mihi notus Amor; qui me levis ante domabat
iam ridet siccis deseruitque genis.
inmemor humanae sortis mea volnera vexat
ecce Perilleum crimen adortus Amor.
carmina committo foliis auraeque protervae,
sed, puto, Lethaeis cuncta dabuntur aquis.
Iunius attulerat quae gaudia rara December
abstulit: oblito pectore detur agam.

S. G. O.

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IMITATED FROM WORDSWORTH.

He brought a team from Inversnaid
  to play our Third Fifteen,
a man whom none of us had played
  and very few had seen.

he weighed not less than eighteen stone,
  and to a practised eye
he seemed as little fit to run
  as he was fit to fly.

he looked so clumsy and so slow,
  and made so little fuss;
but he got in behind—and oh,
  the difference to us!

R. F. MURRAY.

TWO STRINGS TO A BOW.

I don't want the one that I don't want to know
  that I want the one that I want:
but the one that I want now wants me to go
  and give up the one I don't want.
why I don't want the one that I don't want to know
  that I want the one that I want,
is if I miss the one that I want (don't you know)
  I might want the one I don't want.

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INGENS MEDIA CONSISTIT HARENA.

Venerat atque una comitum longissimus ordo,
aemula nostrorum caestibus illa cohors.
nulli notus erat nullique occurrerat ante,
spectarant tantum vix duo tresve virum.
invenies huius libras in mole ducentas;
motus visa quidem membra negare vicem.
risimus: 'heus! frustra pedibus cito currere temptet:
alati officium tam facile iste petat.'
tardus erat, vasto se corpore vixque movebat,
nec se iactabat verbaque pauca dedit:
sed simul ac pugnam commisimus ilicet omne
momentum in tardo sensimus esse viro.

S. G. O.

MELIVS DVO DEFENDVNT RETINACVLA NAVIM.

Illud, quod fugio, certe cognoscere nolim
me, quod amo, ex imo pectore discupere.
verum istud, quod amo, me nunc indicere gestit
illi, quod fugio, flebile discidium.
illud, quod fugio, quare iam scire recusem
me, quod amo, cupido corde perire, rogas?
nimirum, quod amo, mihi sors si dura negarit,
in me, quod fugio, iura superba dabit.

S. G. O.

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At length I saw a lady within call,
stiller than chisell'd marble, standing there;
a daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
and most divinely fair.

her loveliness with shame and with surprise
froze my swift speech: she turning on my face
the star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,
spoke slowly in her place.

'I had great beauty: ask thou not my name:
no one can be more wise than destiny.
many drew swords and died. where'er I came
I brought calamity.'

'no marvel, sovereign lady: in fair field
myself for such a face had boldly died,'
I answer'd free; and turning I appeal'd
to one that stood beside.

but she, with sick and scornful looks averse,
to her full height her stately stature draws;
'my youth,' she said, 'was blasted with a curse:
this woman was the cause.

'I was cut off from hope in that sad place,
which men called Aulis in those iron years:
my father held his hand before his face;
I, blinded with my tears,

'still strove to speak: my voice was thick with sighs
as in a dream. dimly I could descry
the stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,
waiting to see me die.

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FORMOSAE VENIANT CHORVS HEROINAE.

Iamque citra vocis mihi visa adstare loquelam
femina, ceu caelo marmora ficta rigent;
at divom confessa genus stat maxima toto
corpore, nec tacuit splendor in ore deam.
obstipui, tantum fecit mihi forma pudorem;
vox haesit subito faucibus orta gelu:
sidereos oculos versa immortale dolentis
illa, ut erat, lenta talia voce refert:
'pulchra fui: nostrum noli tu quaerere nomen.
quis prudens Parcas aequiparare potest?
quot strictis turmae gladiis periere virorum!
quoquo me tuleram, sacra ego pestis eram.'
'nec mirum, regina; acie non ipse negassem
pro facie mortem fortis obire tua.'
libera fatus eram: sed se comes altera nobis
addiderat verbis testificanda meis:
quae tamen aegra tuens, voltu aversata superbo
sublimi stabat frontis honore decens:
'at mihi florentem laeserunt dira iuventam,
exitiique nocens haec mihi causa fuit:
spem mihi testantur crudelia litora raptam,
Aulida dixerunt ferrea saecla locum.
stat pater, et flentis dextra sua lumina velat,
caecabatque oculos lacrima oborta meos:
conataeque loqui vix dant suspiria fauces,
ut stupor est aegris noctis imaginibus.
horrida per nebulam vidi subsellia regum,
vidi oculis poenae tota inhiare meae.

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'the high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat;
the crowds, the temples, waver'd, and the shore;
the bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat;
touch'd; and I knew no more.'

whereto the other with a downward brow:
'I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam,
whirl'd by the wind, had roll'd me deep below,
then when I left my home.'

LORD TENNYSON.

LOVE STRONG AS DEATH.

The soldier dies for country and for kin;
he dies for fame that is so sweet to win:
and, part for duty, part for battle-doom,
he wends his way to where the myrtles bloom;
he gains a grave, perchance a recompense
beyond his seeking, and a restful sense
of soul-completion, far from any strife,
and far from memory of his land's defence.

be this my meed:—to die for love of thee,—
as when the sun goes down upon the sea
and finds no mate in all the realms of earth.
for I have looked on Nature in its worth
and found no resting-place in all the spheres,
and no relief beyond my sonnet-tears,—
the soul-fed shudderings of my lonely harp
that knows the gamut now of all my fears.

ERIC MACKAY.

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aequor habet naves trepidantibus aëre malis,
incertumque micant litora, templa, viri.
nex aciè splendens tremula cervicibus instat;
exanimis ferro victima tacta ruo.'
altera fixa graves terra respondet ocellos:
'o utinam gelido monte tumentis aquae
demersam spumis cumulassent flamina canis,
cum patrem patrios destituique lares!'

J. S. P.

ME QVOQVE MVSA LEVAT.

Pro patria occumbit miles carisque propinquis,
pro fama, quo nil suavius, ille perit;
illaesamque fidem bellique extrema secutus
quo spirant flores, myrtea prata, redit.
occidit heu! tumulum nactus sperataque numquam
praemia, cui merces dulcis et alta quies.
conscius is meriti nil iam certamina curat,
nil fera pro laribus proelia gesta suis.
mortem obeam pro te solus; mors sit mihi merces;
solus in occiduum sol cadit usque mare.
ille parem frustra sibi quaerit, et ipse requiro
mi frustra toto iam miser orbe parem.
nec pacem tellus neque lucida sidera praebent;
solatur luctum nil nisi triste melos.
ecce inhians chordis iam solus imagine pascor;
implentur numeris cura timorque suis.

S. G. O.

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ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
  and many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
  round many western islands have I been
which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
oft of one wide expanse had I been told
  that deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
  yet never did I breathe its pure serene
till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
then felt I like some watcher of the skies
  when a new planet swims into his ken;
or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
  he stared at the Pacific (and all his men
looked at each other with a wild surmise)
  silent, upon a peak in Darien.

J. KEATS.

TO HIS EVER-LOVING GOD.

Thou bid'st me come; I cannot come; for why?
Thou dwell'st aloft, and I want wings to fly.
to mount my soul, she must have pinions given;
for, 'tis no easy way from earth to heaven.

R. HERRICK.

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PRIORES MAEONIVS TENET SEDES HOMERVS.

Aurea saepe fuga peragravi regna viator,
vidi urbes claras imperiique decus.
Hesperio legi oceano loca consita, Phoebus
vatibus addixit quae retinenda piis.
saepius audieram vastos splendescere campos
quos fidicen largae frontis, Homere, regis;
nec prius hos puros haustus, hunc aethera traxi,
Vergilii quam vox auribus intonuit.
tunc ego laetabar qualis qui sidera servans
prospicit ante aciem sidus obire novum;
Neritiusve audax oculis ubi singula lustrans
cum sociis pontum viderat Ionium:
ille sua attonita comitum stipante caterva
in scopulo mutus constitit Hadriaco.

S. G. O.

SVBLIMI FERIAM SIDERA VERTICE.

Ire iubes: at non caelum tractabile. quare?
mi desunt pennae, tu loca celsa colis.
aligero certe mundi scandatur in arces:
non datur ad superos tendere prona via.

S. G. O.

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INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
Ah, friend! 'tis true (this truth you lovers know)	44
As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay	26
At length I saw a lady within call	62
Bring out the hemlock, bring the funeral yew	30
Dost thou look back on what hath been	24
From her side I go a-singin' in the mornin' cool an' grey	52
He brought a team from Inversnaid	60
Hope springs eternal in the human breast	14
I don't want the one that I don't want to know	60
If thou survive my well-contented day	20
I have a garden of my own	42
Just for a handful of silver he left us	12
Much have I travelled in the realms of gold	66
Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see	2
One day I wrote her name upon the strand	22
O sweet delight, o more than human bliss	16
O wild-reävèn west winds; as you do roar on	28
Put forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane	40
So glides along the wanton brook	20
Sound of vernal showers	36
Sure 'twas by Providence design'd	58
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day	2
The lark now leaves his watery nest	52
The rain set early in to-night	34
The Sibyl wrote her songs on leaves	58
The soldier dies for country and for kin	64
The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill	26
The wits that dived most deep and soared most high	56

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PAGE

They fell devoted, but undying 32
This is the Heath of Hampstead 48
Thou bid'st me come ; I cannot come ; for why ? . . . 66
To my true king I offered free from stain 46
Under the wide and starry sky 40
Vaine men, whose follies make a God of Love 38
We have done with Hope and Honour, we are lost to Love and Truth 18
We travelled in the print of olden wars 18
When lovely woman stoops to folly 34
When thou must home to shades of underground . . . 42

EXPLICIT.

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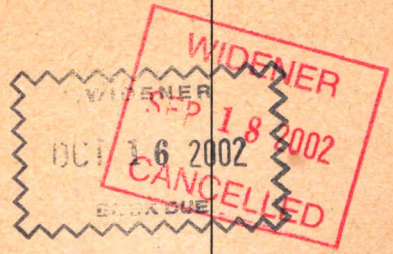

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